### The Iron Brigade

STORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

By GEN. CHARLES KING

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CHAPTER XVI.-CONTINUED. unknown to our generals, rest you sure the eyes of his army have not been left sward. Straight for the guns drives behind. Early that very morning the daring blue line, backed by eight Johnson sends young Gaither with his solid companies, closed on the colors gray-clad troop spiering and when our and marching abreast. Fancy the canconfident courier comes galloping along ary defying the cat! Fancy the terwith McDowell's dispatches to Sigel rier bearding the tiger! Fancy the and Reynolds telling them just what is planned for the day, Gaither gathers have the sensation that thrills the waithim in, sends the much-appreciated ing divisions as a grizzled Georgia programme to Johnson, who grins with delight, and passes it on to Old Jack turns to his men with delight in his himself, away on toward Sudley Springs, snoozing with his division Black Hats-by Goad." commanders Ewell and Tallaferro, on their soldier pillow-saddles-in the snake-fence corner. Here is the chance of a lifetime! Somewhere to the wes must be two of McDowell's divisions, slone. And, even while he is rousing his right and left bowers. Ewell and Taliaferro, there comes word from stand that little orchard and nearby Stuart that Ricketts has gone out to farm-house, a barn or two, with some Thoroughfare, and McDowell, with one fences and a decrepit wall of jagged isolated division is marching eastward from Gainesville. Now, "Up guards and at 'em!" Up Ewell and Taliaferro! ing, staring, incredulous lads of the Up guns and brigades—batteries three "Stonewall." the threatened guns are and brigades just five and away they go at the edge of the sheltering woods ing in and out through the billowing until nearly three miles out to the clouds of sulphur smoke. Half way southwest, and there the dusty, grimy, gray brigades lie down and wait for

Off to the right front is a cosy farm house and Ewell lets his wideawakes go sampling, and takes a hearty sip. as a dark-eyed young aide-de-camp rides up with a dripping canteen of the soothing white fluid. "Thanks, Mr. Ladue," says he. "That's most refreshing. By the way, you know some of these fellows we're expecting out yonder, don't you?" and the general points southward. Ladue follows the gesture of his commander, and then, his eyes, dark, mournful and apprehensive, fix upon that vehement soldier face. 'Wisconsin?" he falters. "I felt-!

that devoted division...

knew it must come-sometime." "Yes, sir, and John Gibbon commands that brigade now, they say. I've known him for years. To think of his being there and he a Tar Heel!" And here his kindling eyes turn to where Trimble's men are stretched upon the turf-North Carolina closed on Ala-

"Coming!" "They're coming! are the excited whispers, and young officers spring forward and peer over the low crest in front. Poague that year-old, yet veteran, gunner, has flipped a hand to his bugler, and low and muffled "Attention!" is sounded. talion in the feathered black hats and Low and muffled, it is repeated still the wake of its skirmishers, is jauntily more faintly farther off to the east. where the horses of Wooding and on the pike how Bull Run veterans Carpenter are grazing on the scanty take a battery. Half way between the turf, and drivers and cannoneers spring two groves, halted in the road and

waiting and watching. He is there in as a fair-sized regiment. Gibbon, chief saddle at the edge of the trees, indis- of the second brigade, has led the Black tinguishable in the gathering gloom. Hats through the wood, then, halting He waits until the leading brigade of at the edge has bid them go in, their the long column is clear of the east- swathy little colonel waving his hand ward of the two groves. He lets it in glad acceptance of the trust-the go until it drops into the low ground last salute of his soldier life. Almost about Groveton, then nods to Ewell all of the blue division can be seen from and-the ball begins. Out on a sudden the north by the men of the south; from the left of the massed lines, almost nothing of the gray division nearly as small as these. To-night he Poague's lean horses and gaunt, sinewy can be seen from the south by the men gunnersspring to their work. Six black- of the north. Gazing through their muzzled barkers are whirled round in binoculars, the union commander and stand within an hour. He has gained of the procession, who was carrying a battery. One-two-three-quick bel- staff note not a sign of the foe, save nothing. He has lost one-third of his and sulphur smoke, the nearest bat- here directly to the north, the others has betrayed his position to the enetery hurls its screaming challenge ss the field, and in spite and fury the black shells burst in whistling hall over the startled heads of the second brigade. Out beyond the first battery trot Wooding and Carpenter, forming "action front' on the slope a little to the northwest of Groveton, and so ferro, chief of brigade, to move into three batteries are suddenly hurling line on the right of Baylor-the "Stonetheir swift fire upon the now halted column. "Now see 'em take to cover!" shout the seasoned ones by the gunside, as the left half battery echoes the right, and all the front of Starke's brigade is now covered by flashing guns, bellowing in chorus, the men, leaping the field of battle with the men he in and out to reload, dimly seen had known as a lad in the west, and through the billowing battery smoke, and still, screaming and shricking the his dark eyes are burning with exciteshells sall high across the rolling earth | ment. With aughing confidence, the "See 'em take to cover," indeed! Well might they do so, for just beyond the pike the woods lie thick and on high, and forward goes the brigade, inbroken, but, sudden as the shot, sweeping in three slender lines to the each regiment has "fronted" to its most are seen flashing in air. The volley their challenge at the coming shrill voice of Old Graybeard, spurring back to his colors, has yelled the order to load at will, and not until they're and watch to see Virginia send those bitten and poured and rammed and impudent Yanks whirling back to the capped does he follow that with "Lie The right of their line is down!" flat on its belly at the edge of the field, scurrying at sight of the "Stonewall, while sparring, lashing and bounding, that sombre, black-crested line halts it is full of wounded. The regimental cannoneers racing alongside like mad, a well-handled battery-Gibbon's own, as Poague and Ewell more than sus- the gentle rise, sends its storm of lead pect—the beloved of the brigade out square in the "Stonewall'a" face. on the field, comes "front into line" at a breakneck pace, whirls without Neff, colonel commanding the Thirtyhalting its bronze beauties about, and third. Down go dozens in the foremost in another moment the loud-ringing rank, and to the amaze of Starke and "light twelves" are out-bellowing the Lawton, the "Stonewall" fairly stagtrio of batteries blazing there northwest of Groveton, sweeping their sections ed order, "Fire!" another; and with with "spherical case." Five, ten, fif- the skirmishers crouching, crawling, teen minutes the duel of death goes on. Gibbon's gunners are all regulars, lords blazes at Wisconsin now ramming fresh of their trade, and old Ewell sees it cartridges into the smoking tubes, and and knows it. "Limber up, Poague! Back all of you! They are too heavy

ferro? From the westward now, from the far right flank, a daring battery whips our on the feld and unlimbers where and another brigade is in line for the its guns can enflade Gibbon's fri- south, enother battalion for the union, umphant bemers, and young Taila- and still not a man has thought of ferro's little brigade, till now held in retreat—save only the thick stream

way, gentlemen gunners! It's onr

line. Into their saddles leap the field,

gone down; the dusk is at hand; the

night must not come until that stub-

Who shall do it, Ewell or Talia-

staff and commanders. The sun has

iows, and so on to the extreme right as though in support. And still it is a battle of guns and gunners, for Jackson holds his hounds in leash, "down charged" at heel, crouched at the edge of the woods.

And then comes the surprise of the day, the event of the hour, the marvel of the campaign. Even as Ewell and Taliaferro are deciding that the moment has come for attack, lo! to the amaze of the men of the Stonewall brigade, still the extreme right of the line, there is a glint of steel in the opposite grove and a dark column bursts from the depths of the wood. Nimbly But if Jackson's real movements are a swarm of skirmishers leap from their covert and come dancing out over the lamb assailing the butcher, and you colonel glaps down his field-glass and eye and five words on his tongue: "The

> CHAPTER XVII. HOW THE BRIGADE WINS ITS

NAME. Over at the southwest, half way to hat second grove in the shelter of which the rearmost brigade has haited, rocks. Half way to this one peaceful spot, to the right front of these crouchthundering, the gray cannoneers leaptoward that eastward grove, which



OLD JACK.

conceals most of the second in column of the blue brigades, this solitary batproceeding to show its comrades back watching the scene are Doubleday's But Old Jack gives no sign. He is three battalions, all three not as strong slowly trotting off to the northeast Yet there are a few mounted officers Taliaferro, chief of division, to Talia-Jack to Ewell and Taliaferro, both, with the word to pitch in.

down the line, is little Ladue, brought face to face, as he dreamed, here on though his leart is throbbing hard, men of the "Stonewall" spring to their feet, the little red battle flags are lifted low crest in front, as their far-forward The steel ramrods of the fore- skirmishers leap from the grass and foe. Then Georgia and Louisana and the men at the guns hold their breath

And one of these riders, galloping

woods, or else-Wonder of wonders! So far from short at sudden word of command; a crashing volley, driving point blank up Down go two battle flags. Down goes gers. "Forward!" is one hoarse shoutrolling away to right and left, Virginia with never a thought of retreat. So far from sweeping the field the "Stonefor our guns!" is the order, and Paul wall" is brought to a halt and gets Ladue spurs to carry it. Out of the another fierce volley, followed by rasping fire by file that is far more effective time now, goes the word from Starke's than the downward aim of the comeager ranks, and so on down the long | mand, schooled rather to charge than to shoot. Sol Meredith's Hoosiers are sweeping at double quick straight from the pike at the west of the grove. Arms at the trail, at the shoulder or born brigade has been swept from the anyhow, all eyes to the front, Indiana is heading straight for the left of Wis consin, and in five minutes more its long front is hidden in its own firefishing cloud. Another five minute

rear, goes striding off behind its fel- of wounded hobbling painfully back

for the rear. "Shall iron break the northern iron or steel?" mutters Old Jack, in the words of the prophet, his eyes filled with trouble, his teeth firm set as once again the cheering, banner-waving, fireflashing ranks of his devoted battalions sweep down the gentle slope until almost lost in the smoke of the opposite lines, then slowly settle to a halt, astounded, for though full half of its left wing seems shot out of line and the Hoosiers and Black Hats are shrunk to half their original strength; there, shoulder to shoulder, daring, de fiant, indomitable stands the brigade the swart faces of the men lit by the flash of their guns, and Ewell, grim old soldier, borne to the rear with a shattered thigh, groans to his mournful aides that at last the division has met its match. Jackson's pale face is rigid as he

himself bends over his loval second in command, and his lips move in prayer, never in imprecation, ere they issue their next order, "Try again." And this time, Trimble, too, drives in with Lawton, only to see that machinelike regiment to the east of the Black Hats, despite the numbers dropping in their tracks and dribbling away from the extreme right under the deluge of shrapnel from the southern guns, doing more fancy drill in front of the foe. changing front forward by company under command of that gamecock of a lieutenant-colonel, and then pouring withering fire into the left of the Louisiana men. "Try again," says Jack, and try they do, manfully, loyally-but heavens what can human valor win against iron resolution? Two of Doubleday's battalions, one a mere skeleton like most of those of Baylor's and Taliaferro's, have ranged up in the gaps of the union brigade, a shadowy fabric now, visible only in the flash of the guns, but as Paul Ladue trots through the groups where surgeons and stretchermen are trying to care for the vast numbers of wounded, he looks in vain for a division commander to whom to deliver Jackson's last order and the news that Ewell is down Taliaferro, too, has been borne to the rear, and Ladue rides on after Starke to bid him take command. Gods, what a sight, what a shambles, he finds at the rear of that line!-dead, dying and crippled by scores of the "Stonewalls." Three colonels, Neff, Grisby and Botts have been shot from their steeds, two of them straight to their graves; four majors are down of the Virginia command, and Walker, colonel of Taliaferro's Tenth. Full half the fighting force of the Second and Fourth Virginia are stretched on the field, as, for the last time, they close in on the center in front of the now almost invisible line of their foes, and with as white as the wings of a peace dove, strength, cartridges, hope all spent and dad said the show was no better and gone, they drop their useless rifle butts to earth and lean exhausted on on Labor day. the hot, black muzzles. At least they hold the ground. So, too, does that stern, silent, iron

command across those 50 yards of smoking void, "with obstinate determination," writes Old Jack, in rueful admission of the stubborn valor of his foe. And after all what has he accomplished? What has he not done this night but blunder? All he had to do was to remain there in concealment beyond that unfinished railway grade. resting in the shady woods, and, all inconscious of his presence, the union brigades would have passed him by, leaving Ricketts far in the rear to be cut off, crushed or captured. But the sight of 6,000 Yankees marching along almost parallel to his front, all unsupported, was too much for even such piety as Jackson's. Ordinarily he had done wonders with a dozen regiments sends in twice that number to assai a smaller force, and is fought to a with vengeful spit of flame these venturesome batteries, the one best and bravest-his Virginians. He major of a band when the populace at my, for Sigel, away to the southeast, on, and then the shooting began, and in beyond the range of Gibbon's guns. has heard the sound of battle, and Mc- a minute men, women and children were or orderlies spurring swiftly along that American brigades, watches the des- the marchers were too stunned to run, far-away skirt of woods, and one of perate struggle from Ladue's old look- and the deadly guns kept on spitting these horsemen carries the order from out at the Henry house, and Pope, skillfully directing his diverging col- dying, and then the Cossacks rode over umn to trap Jackson at Centreville, hears over the left shoulder; far over Others are darting from Old Bull Run, the furious cannonade a long battle that only dies out at nine, but

> trick of Jackson's-the time-honored tale of the Irishman's flea. But it opens Pope's otherwise blinded eyes, changes in toto his plans for the morrow, and bids him turn his columns on Groveton. Jackson's blunder has taken much from his own fame, added much to those of another, and given the Badgers and Hoosiers the title they rejoice in ever thereafterthe name of the Iron Brigade.

that tells him the tale of one more

Sore times are these, this black, moonless night, as, within hailing distance of each other, officers and men of the opposing forces go groping about with glimmering lights, looking for friends among the slain. Sad hearts group of union generals in the fence corner back of the moaning wood, for commanders are slowly withdrawing their wearied men to the line of the pike, leaving strong pickets to protect the surgeons and their stretcher-bearers at the front. It is a dramatic scene when that dark-eyed soldier, commander of the Seventh, rides in to report to his brigade chief concerning the regiment that caustic "regular has sometimes misjudged. "What do you think of the Seventh now?" is the irrepressible question just before the colonel slips, fainting, from his saddle, and then and not until then permits it to be known that all the time as he held his men to their desperate work he sat his horse, pierced through both thighs by Enfield bullet, his boots running over with blood. Old Graybeard of the Sixth, too, is shot through the eg, and Gibbon has borrowed his right-hand man, the tall, brainy adjutant, and the Sixth feels bereft, though it, too, falls into soldier hands. But the Black Hats and the Hoosiers

have lost more than all. [To Be Continued.]

As a Preliminary. "Do you believe in platonic love?" "Well," she replied, "I wouldn't min-

trying it as a starter."-Chicago Re-

ord-Herald

## PECKS BAD BOY of Gold

Russian Revolution and Faints-The Bad Boy Arranges a Wolf Hunt - Dad Threatens to Throw the Bad Boy to the Wolves.

BY HON, GEORGE W. PECK. Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.-MY DEAR GROCERYWITZ: Well, sir, dad and I have got too much of Russia the quickest of any two tourists you ever heard of. That skirmish we saw, the day the Russians blessed the Neva, and shot blank cartridges filled with old iron at the czar, was not a marker to the trouble the next Sunday, when the working people marched to the Winter Palace, to present a petition to the "Little Father.

We thought a revolution was like a play, and that it would be worth going miles to see. Dad was in South America once when there was a revolution where more than a dozen greasers, with guns that wouldn't shoot, put on a dozen different kinds of uniforms, and yelled: 'Down with the government," and frothed at the mouth, and drank buttermilk and yelled Spanish swear words, and acted brave, until a native soldier with white pajamas came out with a gun and shot one of the revolutionists in the thumb, when the revolution was suppressed and the next day the revolutionists were pounding stone, with cannon balls chained to their legs; and dad thought a revolution in Russia would be something like that, and that we could get on a front porch and watch it as it went by, and joke with the revolution, and throw confetti, like it was a carnival, but that Sunday that the Russian revolution was begun, we had enough blood to last us all our lives.

We got a place sitting on an iron picket fence, and we saw the people coming up the street towards the Winter Palace. dressed mostly in blouses, and looking as innocent as a crowd of sewer diggers at home going up to the city hall to ask for a raise in wages of two shillings a Nobody had a gun, and no one would have known how to use a gun, and all looked like poor people going to prayers. There were troops everywhere, and every soldier acted as though he was afraid something would happen to spoil their chance of killing anybody. The snow on the streets was clean and than a parade of laboring men at home

Suddenly some officer yelled to the parade to stop, and the priest at the head



AND HUNG BY ONE PANTS LEG.

cross, slowed up a little, like the drum home begins to throw eggs, but they kept Lean, brave leader of one of his few rolling in the snow, bleeding and dying. fire, and the street was full of dead and the dead and sahered and knouted the living, and as the snow was patched with red blood, dad fainted away and fell off league behind him, the storm of a the picket fence, and hung by one pant leg, which caught on a picket, and growds rushed in every direction, and it was an hour before I could get a drosky to have dad to the hotel.

Dad collapsed when he got to the hotel, and I got a doctor and a nurse, and for two days I had to watch the revolution alone, while dad had fits of remorse cause he brought me to such a charnel

Well, if you ever go anywhere, travel ing for pleasure, do not go to Russia, because it is the saddest place on earth. I have seen no person smile or laugh in all the ten days we have been here, except a Cossack when he run a saber through a little girl, and his laugh was like the coyote on the prairie when he captures a little lamb. The people look either heart-broken or snarly, like are these beating in the bosoms of the the people confined in an insane asylum

The czar, who a week ago was loved by the people, who believed if they went to him, as to their God, and appealed for madance, is to-day hated by all, and instead of "Nicholas the Good," since he scampered away to a castle in the country, and crawled under a bed, all the peonle call him "the Little Jack Rabbit." have to be swept up in a dustpan for out of Russia

Going to St. Petersburg for a pleasant outing is a good deal like visiting the Chicago stockyards to watch the bloody men kill the cattle, and the butchers in the stockyards, calloused against any feeling for suffering animals, are like the soldiers here who shoot down their this time, and we started back to town, neighbors because they are hired to do so. The murder of those unarmed work- the rope, and the Chicago man, who had ing men, that Sunday, has changed a given the driver a drink of vodka when helpless, pleading people into anarchists with deadly bombs in their blouses where they were accustomed to carry black bread to sustain life, and with the menace of Japan in the far east and an

arrange with the woodchuck for a fur-I didn't think there was going to be

outraged people at home. Russia is in a

duke, I would find a woodchuck hole and

# The Yellow Peril

By REV. W. B. THORP.

not in the far east. It is here among us. It is the peril of gold. The curse upon us all is that

and the storekeeper, the editor and the preacher, the politician and the professor, the trust magnate and the labor organizer, are all find- what is best for them, or some occult ing excellent and most weighty reasons for such speech or silence, power prevails above the will of the such action or inaction, as is personally profitable to themselves.

If we keep on in that way our boasted civilization is doomed, and conservative journal as Public Opin-Japan, alert, devoted, public-spirited, will leave us as far in the rear as ion, "that the majority of the people we in our supreme self-conceit fancy that we have left the rest of the of this country to-day want tariff reworld. No building of big navies will prevent it. Our only deliver- whelmingly for such reform if the ance is in the uprising of men with radical ideas about truth and jus- issue were presented to them squaretice and with the courage to stand by them at any cost.

description on the cover, until the doctor told me that dad was m a condition to happen to get his mind off of the awful scenes he had witnessed, and could go out doors: "Hennery, you have always been Johnny on the spot when I



AND PILED US OUT ON TOP OF DAD.

needed diversion, and I want you to take your brain apart, and oil the works, and see if you can't conjure up something to get my blood circulating, and my pores open for business, and anything think of goes, and I swear I will not kick if you scare the boots off of me."

Well, that was right into my hand and I set my mind to strike at four p. m. I had been out riding once with the Chicago man, in a sledge, with three horses abreast, all runaway horses, and the driver was a Cossack who lashed the horses into a run every smooth place he found in the road, and it was like running to a fire, so I got the Chicago fellow to go with me and we found the Cossack and he was drunker than usual There is a kind of liquor here called vodka, which skins wood alcohol and carbolic acid to a finish, and when a man is full of it he is so mad he wants to cut his own throat. This driver had put up sideboards on his neck and had two iags in one, and we hired him by the

I told the Chicago man the circumstances and that I had got to get dad out of his trance, and he said he would help me. When I was out riding the day before I noticed that the road was full of great dane dogs, wolf hounds and stag hounds, which followed their master's sledges out in the country, and the dogs loafed around, hungry, looking for bones, and fighting each other so I decided to get the dogs to chase our sledge, and make dad think we were chased by wolves. I thought that would

The Chicago man bought some cannon back seat, and my Chicago friend and 1 took the back seat, and we got dad in the seat behind the driver, and started about an hour before dark out in the country. through a piece of woods that looked oulte wolfy. On the way out the driver let his horses run away a few times, like you have seen in Russian pictures, and dad was beginning to sit up and take notice, and seemed to act like a man who expects every minute to be thrown over a | ders. precipice, and mixed up with dead horses. Dad touched the driver once on the coat-tail and told him not to hurry so confounded fast, and the driver thought he was complaining because it



DAD STOOD UP IN THE SLEDGE AND

vell, and threw the lines into the air, and his fate is sealed, as a bomb will and the horses just skedaddled, and run blow him into pieces so small they will into a snow bank and tipped over the sledge, and piled us out on top of dad. burial, maybe before dad and I can get but dad only said: "This is getting good.

We righted up, and dad wanted to know where all the pups came from that we had passed. I had been throwing out pieces of meat into the road for a mile or so, and the dogs were having a picnic. It was getting pretty dark by and I threw out my liver, fastened to we tipped over, told him, in Russian, that when the dogs began to follow us, to get hold of the liver, to yell "wolves," and give the team the rein, for a fivemile run, and yell all the time, be we wanted to give the old gentleman a bad way, and if I was the czar or a grand good time.

Well, uncle, I would have given anything if you could have seen dad, when the dogs began to chase that liver, and anything going on in Russia except | yelled something in Russian, and pointmake you sorry that you were here, and said: "My God, we are pursued by a Post-Express.

I was willing to take chloroform, and let pack of ravenous wolves, and there is no has promised in the three last conthem carry me home in a box, with my hope for us," and I began to cry, and gressional campaigns to revise the of nervousness that he needed something back, and saw the wolves, and he was didates of that party have personally asked me if I couldn't think of some- them to be chewing on while we got thing to excite him, and wake him up. away, but he sat down and pulled a robe ises. and then dad said, after he got so he over his head and his lips were moving. but I do not know whom he was address-

> The Chicago man touched off a couple of cannon firecrackers behind the sledge, but that only kept the dogs back for a minute, and dad said probably the best thing to do was to throw me overboard, and let them eat me, and I said: Nay, nay, Pauline," and then I think dad fainted away, for he never peeped again until the team had run away a lot more, and I cut my liver rope, and when we got into the suburbs of St. Petersburg the dogs had overtaken the liver, and were fighting over it.

The driver had to pull up his horses as we struck the town, and dad must have got a whift off the driver's vodka, because he come to, and we got to the session of congress, and the trusts will hotel all right, and I thought dad would thus be allowed to continue to sell simply die in his tracks, but the ride their products to the people of the and the excitement did him good, and he United States for much higher prices wanted to buy a gun and go out wolf than they sell them for abroad. So hunting the next day, but our tickets great is the difference between the vere bought, and we shall get out of this terrible country to-morrow

his knife and wanted to get out and needed supplies where it could buy tight the pack of wolves single-handed. the cheapest, which means buying am not much of a liar, but I told him remembered it well, and it demonstrated to me that he was as brave a man as the czar, "the Little Jack Rabbit," as his people call him.

Well, thanks to my wolf hunt, dad is all right again, and now we shall go to ome country where there is peace. I don't know where we will find it, but if such a country exists, your little Henry will catch on, if dad's money holds out. Yours, covered with Gore

HENNERY.

THE EMPIRE OF SPEECH.

What Has Been Done by Improvements in the Telephone to Advance It.

Two or three recent important improvements of the telephone show what indeleveloped capacities still lie hidden in this wonderful far-talker of modern ture. science. In the first place, says the Cosmopolitan, it has become possible to eliminate the telephone girl as a connecting link or rather a connector of links, between the sender and the receiver of a message. One can now 'switch on" without her intervention. If you wish to talk with a friend by this new system, you simply look up his or her number, and then on a dial, or minmake dad stand without hitching, and lature switchboard, in your own house or office, you turn the indicator to the digits representing that number, and ment." firecrackers, and I bought a cow's liver, immediately your friend's bell rings, and hitched it to a rope, and hid it in the | and, without any further preliminaries, switching mechanism at the central exmovements of your Indicator at home phone talk. Mechanical contrivances Loomis episode. possess no ears and no memories, and, having nothing to forget, make no blun-

tion-the telephone that takes your happens to be out, but speaks it into his ear as soon as he returns, whether the interval be an hour or a week-must be hard steel disk revolving in a horizontal plane. Above the revolving wire, or disk, is placed a small electromagnet actuated by the telephone circuit. All the varying impulses that come over the telephone wire under the influence of the speaker's voice are imparted by the little magnet to the steel moving beneath it, and they make upon that steel's surface a series of magnetic impressions. like invisible dots, each of which possesses its own peculiar polarity and degree of intensity. It is just as if the steel were a sheet of paper and the magnet a pen, and the magnetic impulses a series of alphabetical signs jotted down on the paper-only nothing is visible to the eye. But the hundreds of little magnetic poles are there, though unseen, and when the wire or the plate carrying these mystic hierglyphics is again passed under the electromagnet (the latter being now connected with a telephone receiver) they reproduce exactly the same impulses that created them. these impulses passing into the receiver vibrate the speaking membrane and give forth the voice and the words which hey had stored

The only thing that a man who has a telegraphone in his office needs to do is to set the apparatus going when he has time to listen to it, and if any of his friends have been speaking to it while he was out, or busy, or asleep, their messages will be repeated.

Grew Old on Bacilli,

The wonder is how did our fathers and mothers, our grandfathers and grandmothers live to a green old age? They must have imbibed billions and billions of bacilli, but as they didn't know anything about disease germs, they took a certain amount of joy in bark, and fight each other. The driver life that is denied their unfortunate children. Life was better worth the bloodshed and bombs, and things to ed back with his whip, the Chicago man living in the days of old, Rochester

#### The "yellow peril" is TARIFF REFORM DEMANDED

Wanted by the People, But Republican Trimmers Block the Way.

we are selling justice States have made up their minds that and mercy and truth for certain legislation would advance their money. The investor interests, they should be able to get it. As it is now, their representatives either think the people do not know people and prevents congress from acting favorably. The belief of such a ly," indicates that the republican majority in congress declines to obey the popular will. The republican party implored dad, if he loved me, to save me. tariff, if the voters would entrust the Dad stood up in the sledge and looked matter to its hands, and numerous canscared, but he said the only thing to do piedged themselves to vote for tariff was to throw something overboard for revision, but when elected they have made no effort to redeem their prom-

Numerous bills providing for the revision of certain tariff schedules have been introduced but not one measure has been reported from the committee on ways and means so that congress bould consider it. The evident intention being to throw the blame on the whole republican membership by not allowing any record vote, so that the people cannot single out those members who oppose reform, or any that might be for it. The voters have been distinctly fooled at the last three elections, or ever since the late Mark Hanna announced his celebrated "stand pat" policy. mated that the same do-nothing program is to be repeated at the coming home and foreign selling prices of the tariff fostered trusts that President Dad woke me up in the night and want- Roosevelt has been compelled to order al to know if I saw him when he pulled the Panama Canal commission to buy them abroad.

In the meantime, the American people have to buy their personal supplies of the trusts at the high price the trusts see fit to extort, and Speaker Cannon and the "stand pat" republican leaders declare they will continue this extraordinary state of affairs. Those voters who supported the republican candidates for congress at the last election now find themselves powerless to control legislation, and must continue to pay high trust prices for at least three years longer, and the only satisfaction the voters who supported the democratic candidates have is to taunt their republican brethren with, "We told you so." Whether the republican voters will stand being fooled, or will register their disapproval at the next congressional election remains in the womb of the fu-

#### DIMINISHED POPULARITY.

Flagrant Violation of Consistence in the Balance Against Roosevelt.

"The president's popularity," says Collier's Weekly, "is too extensive to feel the loss caused by his performnees whehever friends of his have committed errors or need advance-

Whereas the truth is emphatically otherwise, declares the St. Louis Reyou may begin your conversation. The public. While Mr. Roosevelt's ponularity did not suffer appreciably change has automatically followed the through his promotion of Wood, it underwent a very noticeable shrinkand put you into direct communication ling by reason of his sophistical exwith the desired point. Besides, it gives | culpation of Morton, and has proba delightful sense of privacy to a tele- ably lost by his action in the Bowen-

"But we do wish," Collier's nevertheless goes on to say, "that on occasions when he deems it necessary But if the automatic telephone excites | to print exuberant emlogies of his grateful wonder, another recent inven- friends in trouble he would refrain for once from talking in that very speech, keeps it unuttered if your friend | same document about a 'square deal,'

Mr. Roosevelt and "the square deal" are incompatible, and he suffers by the juxtaposition of ideas. Measregarded as a marvel of marvels. That ured by the American ideal of justice machine may consist either of a steel he is found wanting. The eyes of the wire wound on a revolving drum, or a nation have been signally directed to the discrepancy. A failure of popularity was inevitable upon a visible distortion of logic and discrimination of justice deliberately committed to shield a friend who happened to have run afoul of the very pontive principle which Mr. Rooseven ostensibly was promoting.

it would be a sad day for the intelgence and morals of Americans if a loss of their favor did not follow such. a nagrant violation of consistency.

#### DRIFT OF OPINION.

-Whatever comes of the Bowen-Loomis matter Mr. Bowen is not likely to again address Secretary Taft as 'Dear Bill.'-Nashville Banner.

- The complete assimilation of the Filipinos and the finishing of the Pannma canal may be expected to happen about the same time.-Chicago Tribune. (Rep.).

-Graft in the war department, graft in the post office department graft in the interior department, and now graft in the agricultural department-is there any end to it, or is this feature of "republican prosperity" all pervasive? - Springfield Republican (Ind.).

"In investigating the beef trust and the Standard Oil company I have been content to leave it absolutely in the bands of Mr. Garfield, said Prestdent Roosevelt in Massachusetts the other day. And doubtless these cormorantic corporations are equally content to have it left there.-Atlanta

Constitution. -The Washington Post's (Ind.) summary of the "Beef Trust" case is brief and to the point: "The value of peef cattle in the United States declined \$165,000,000 for the three years ended January 1, 1905, and the price of beef advanced about 40 per cent. in th same period. That Chicago grand har wants an explanation.